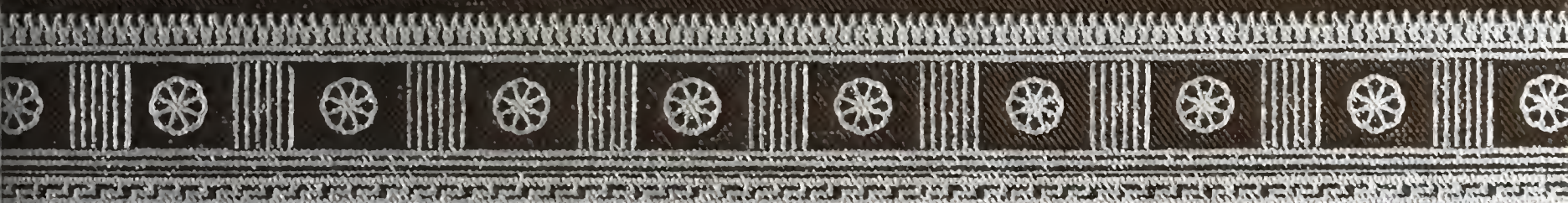


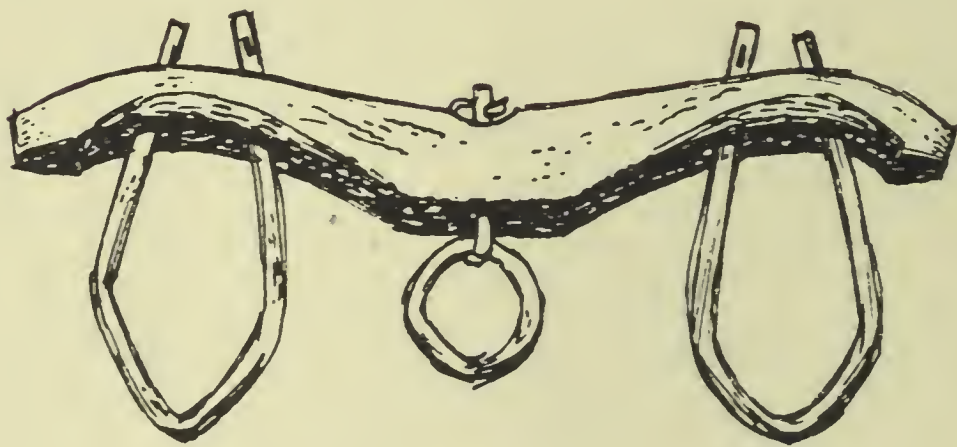
A MODEL LIFE

— OR —

UNCLE JOHN METZGER
ON EARTH.



LINCOLN ROOM



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Grand mother

Mary Metzgar - ^{1st husband} Heckman

^{2nd husband} Henschel - ^{3rd husband} Huns

^{4th husband} Schively - Great grandmother

John Metzgar - Great Great
Grand father



Uncle John Metzger's Home at Lordsburg, Cal.

A MODEL LIFE

...OR...

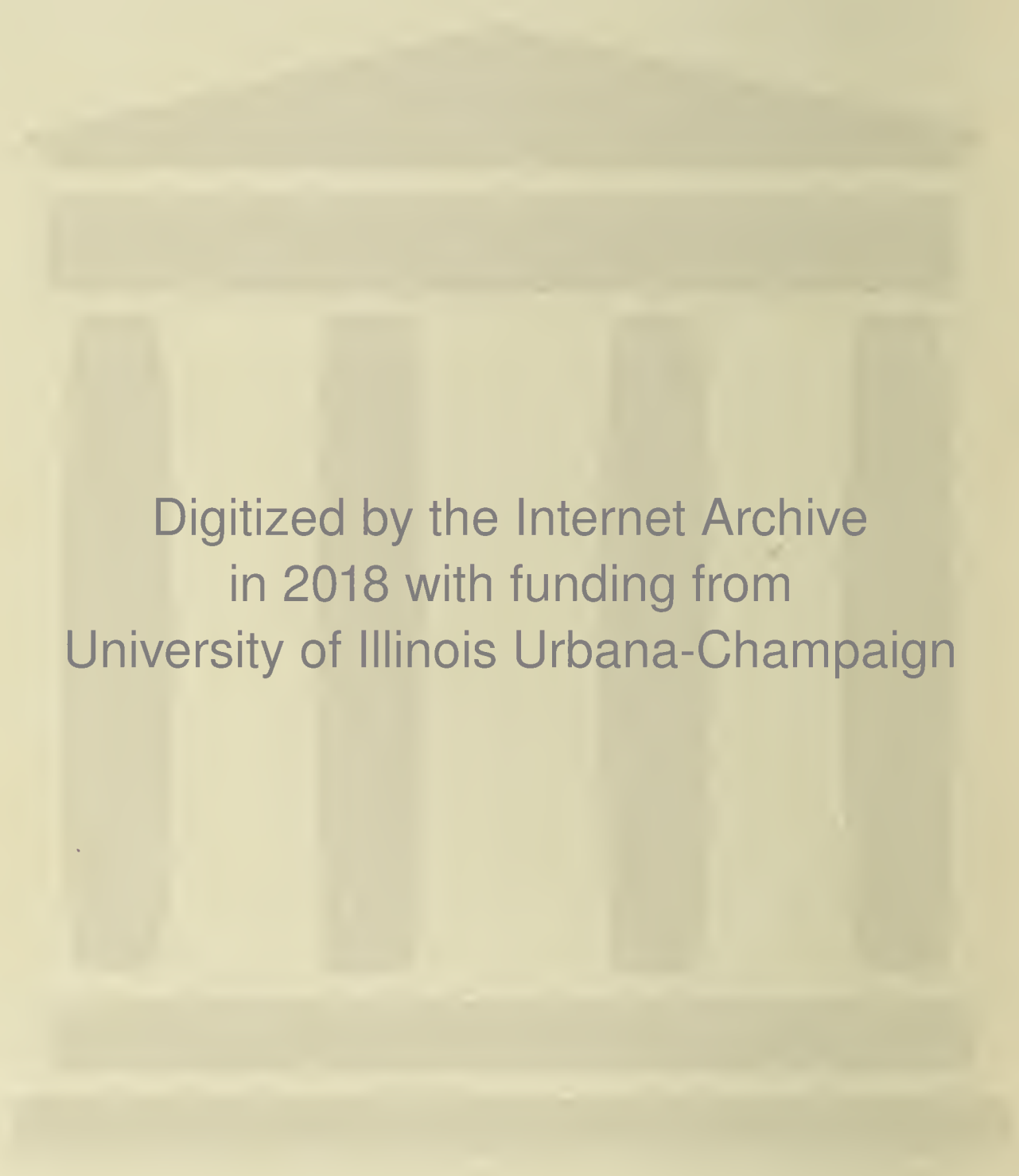
Uncle John Metzger on Earth.

"Hear, O my son, and receive my sayings; and the years of thy life shall be many."—Prov. 4: 10.

"O Lord, thou art my trust from my youth."—Ps. 71: 5.

BY M. M. ESHELMAN.

MOUNT MORRIS, ILL.:
BRETHREN PUBLISHING HOUSE.
1898.



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LINCOLN
Room

A MODEL LIFE

...OR...

Uncle John Metzger on Earth.

HERE, on the oft-washed sands of the great blue Pacific Ocean, so near the dashing, splashing white waves which, in their spreading, almost touch my feet, while far away, toward the West and South and North, awed by the grace and power of our Creator, I sit and breathe the sweetness and vigor of "the great deep," and think of that dear lovely soul who often looked upon what I now see, and caught the fervency I now enjoy,

"Our sympathies across the wave,
Touch noble souls beyond the grave,"

here, in full view of some of the great and wondrous works of God, I love to write of that good and holy man,—Uncle John Metzger, who made men, women and children better by his being among them. This little record of some of his good deeds, given him by our Heavenly Father, is sent out to help every boy and girl who wants to go on up and up to a nobler and higher

and sweeter, purer life. To know something about a man who had a big heart,—a heart large enough to love everybody, though it lived in a frail little house nearly eighty-nine years, must be helpful to all who love good things, good people, and a happy home.

If there had been no *child* Jesus there could have been no *man* Jesus; and if there had been no noble, manly Jesus, there could have been no Uncle John Metzger, *as he was*. Because there is One, “fairest among ten thousand,” “a Prince of Peace,” “full of favor and truth,” Uncle John Metzger was able to become what he was, and now is. Hence, in looking at him and seeing his loving life, you must look beyond him and see *his* Model and *our* Model.

“Faithful, hopeful, wise in charity—
An angel-watered lily, that near God
Grows and is quiet.”

A party once climbed to the top of a high mountain and had a guide to show them the way. Coming to a dangerous place, where each one had to put his foot into the guide’s hand, to be lifted over the perilous spot, one of the party was slow to risk it, when the guide said: “This hand never lost a man.” The traveler then trusted the guide and got safely over. So Jesus helped Un-

cle John over all the hard places. He never loses those who *trust him*.

At a time when America was almost all wilderness yet, and when Indians were owners of the country from the Ohio River to the Pacific Ocean, and millions of eyes in Europe were looking westward to America as the land of free homes and true liberty, grandfather and grandmother Metzger were among the number. They lived in Holland, Europe. They made up their minds to come

ACROSS THE ATLANTIC OCEAN

to America. There were no United States then, for there were no States to unite. This was in 1758. But Uncle John Metzger's grandfather and grandmother had no money to pay their ship's fare. However they went on board the vessel, and, after long sailing, came into port at Baltimore,—then but a small place. There were no friends to meet them and welcome them. There was no one to help pay their fare, and bid them to a cheerful fireside. The laws of the land were such that if a passenger could not pay his fare he had to be sold to some one and work it out, hence the husband, whose name was John, was sold to one man, and his wife to another. By steady, hard work and receiving larger credit

than his wife, he soon paid his debt, or fare; then, like a good, kind husband, went to work to earn money to pay that of his wife's, and then they were able to live together again. This is how they began life in America.

At that time, dear children, the central and western parts of Pennsylvania were thinly settled. Ohio, Indiana, Illinois and other States west were not known. They did not exist as States. There were vast stretches of woods on hills and in valleys, where the red men, with their squaws and papposes lived. Deer, turkeys and pheasants and fish and berries was their food.

If you have studied history you will know that when Uncle John's grandfather and grandmother went

FROM BALTIMORE TO BLAIR COUNTY, PA.,

General Washington was a young man, and a few years before was with General Braddock, who was beaten by the Indians in a great battle, not far from where Uncle John's grandfather made a home for himself and family.

These were times of trouble. The white people wanted the lands to make homes and the Indians wanted the country for themselves, and for their deer and wild turkeys. These opposing

wants brought hatred, and hatred brought strife, and strife brought murder, and burning, and ruin. The *love* of money was the *root* of this evil.

When Uncle John's grandfather and grandmother got to Blair County, Pennsylvania, they went to work to make a home in the new world, far from the old homestead in Holland, "across the deep blue sea."

There were big trees to fell and cut up and burn; ground to plow, houses to build, and many other things to do, to make a home. But they were workers,—real good home-makers, so they got along quite well.

Here in "the Cove" was born to them a boy and they named him Jacob. This boy was brought up on the farm, was taught to work, and, like a wise man, in due time, loved Jesus, gave his heart to Him, and when he got a house of his own, opened it to the preachers to preach Jesus. He married Mary, the daughter of Henry Butterbaugh, of Hagerstown, Maryland. She died Oct. 12, 1852, full of hope in Jesus. She was the mother of our Uncle John Metzger, who was born in the Cove, Blair County, Pa., Dec. 20, 1807, or about ninety-nine years after a few pious men and women, with prayer and holy feelings, agreed, in Schwarzenau, Germany, to love and

obey Jesus, as made known in the New Testament.

Some of these good people had come to America, settled in Eastern Pennsylvania, and from there sounded out the Gospel westward and southward. It had reached Jacob Metzger's house before his son, John, was born.

In 1812 the war between Great Britain and the United States took place, and, though John was only five years old, he did not forget, in old age, that his parents were very much scared, on hearing the roar of the cannon, far distant at Washington.

When quite young, a wedding took place at his father's house; for his parents' home was open for religious meetings and the worship of God. As

WEDDING CEREMONIES

then were very different from those now, some description of the old-time method is here given.

Everything being ready, the people came into the large room to witness the marriage. The preacher's name was Conrad Martin, an old man, having long white hair and beard, and a face which showed a warm heart of love with goodness to all. Two verses of a German hymn were sung; the third chapter of the first epistle of

Peter was read; and about thirty minutes given to prayer and talk to all present. Next the young couple stood up, answered some questions, made promises to be true and faithful to each other, and were then pronounced husband and wife. The people were not near so much in a hurry then, in their religious work, as some people are now. In those days they had long marriage ceremonies, preached long sermons, sang long hymns, made long prayers, and were long on nearly everything good. Then they travelled from place to place on foot, or on ox-carts, or on horse-back, and went about their work without so much rushing and hurrying. They took time to pray, to sing, and to exhort. Now people are carried about by steam and electricity, on bicycles and swift horses, hence they want to be married quickly, listen to short sermons, sing short hymns fast, admire short prayers, recite short lessons, follow short methods, and, as is sometimes the case, come out with short comfort, short religion, short blessings, short life.

Such men in Uncle John's boyhood days as David Ulrich, George Brumbaugh, John Hoover were held in high esteem for their works of love in preaching Jesus. He spoke of his sincere regard for these and other good men, who did so

much to shape and mould his life in the Gospel. While little has come down to us as to the good deeds of those early missionaries, who went through valleys and over mountains and into desert places to preach the Gospel "without price and without money," yet the many large churches and Sunday schools, all over the United States, west of New York, are so many fruits of their early planting. Without those right and faithful beginnings there could be no true and great continuings.

" 'Tis heaven alone that is given away,
'Tis only God may be had for the asking."

When John was twelve years old, in 1819, his parents left the old home in Pennsylvania and, in wagons, moved over the mountains and

OUT THROUGH OHIO

to where the "National Home for Soldiers," near Dayton, now stands. There were but two stores in what was then little Dayton. One was owned by Mr. Philips, the other by Mr. Akers.

These two stores with a few dwellings were the only buildings in Dayton nearly eighty years ago. The Brethren or "Dunkers" had no churchhouse to meet in, no Sunday school for old and young to learn about Jesus, no buggies to

ride in, no railroad cars to swiftly carry them over the country, hence nearly all walked to town and to church services; and it was common to walk five or six miles to meeting and return. Sometimes the old people would ride horseback.

During the winter months there were religious services nearly every week in a simple manner, very much as meetings are now held. The people lived plainly, talked plainly, ate plain food, dressed plainly and had

SIMPLE, EASY CUSTOMS AND HABITS.

In this way they met and worshipped God. There were no parties, no old people who flocked by themselves in a room, and no young folk who did not want old people with them, in another room. All were as one together,—the old in the zeal and energy of youth and the young in the faith and wisdom of the aged. Those were happy days because all people were common and helpful to each other.

Soon after settling in Ohio, Elders Daniel Garber, John Flory, John Cline and John Wine came from Virginia hundreds of miles on horseback to preach the Gospel of Jesus in the wilderness of Ohio.

There were no helpful committees then to

smooth out the rough places for them, no large and wealthy assemblies to clothe and purse them, but these

SELF-SACRIFICING MISSIONARIES

met the poor and needy,—the plain people with whom they were not ashamed to associate.

When these and other Godly men came into a place the glad news was carried about by children from house to house, telling people when and where the new preachers would preach; and so long as these preachers staid, the people would follow them from place to place, to hear them gladly. Do you think any of the boys and girls then, or any of the members of the church, got “convenient headaches” or an excusable tiresomeness about meeting-time? Do you think they felt well enough to work in the field or shop all day and then suddenly got sick about meeting-time and got just as quickly well as soon as meeting was over? Uncle John says he never knew of such homemade (?) diseases in those days. They are of recent growth, and seem to be spreading as well as catching.

July 31, 1828, Uncle John was married to Hannah Ulery, in Montgomery County, Ohio. Soon after this they both

GAVE THEIR HEARTS AND LIVES

to Jesus and became members of the Brethren or "Dunkèr" church. Uncle John said he was glad he gave himself to Jesus at the age of twenty-one years, but would be happier still if he had begun a Christian life when younger.

What a brilliant example to young men who are yet out of Christ,—out of His kind grace, His wisdom, His loving goodness! As you read this, do not fail to think how you might honor God and his Christ by a long life, given to Him in praise and purity.

After spending six years of their married life near Dayton, they made up their minds to be among the

FIRST SETTLERS IN INDIANA.

As pioneers the Metzgers were usually foremost. Uncle John's grandfather was among the first settlers in Blair County, Pa., his father an early settler in Ohio, and now himself a beginner in Tippecanoe County, Ind., not far from where General Wm. Henry Harrison conquered the Indians under the command of the famous chief, Tecumseh.

They got to their new house in 1834. Other members of the church also made their homes in

the same place. A church was soon built up, and in 1835 Uncle John was chosen to the ministry, having been elected a deacon the year before. The gifts given him by the Lord were at once used.

HE STUDIED THE BIBLE

to learn of Jesus; therefore he preached Jesus, lived Jesus, and won souls for Jesus, died in Jesus. The calls were at once many and urgent; for in many parts of Central and Northern Indiana new settlers came in and were calling for Gospel manna. The old-time religion was in demand. There was no need for this young preacher to rust or to regard home duties superior to mission work. He did his "home work" well, trusted God for the all-things and "went everywhere preaching the Word." He would not hide his "pound," but did his best to increase it "ten pounds." Do you not think he did?

The country was marshy, the roads were rude and many were the

HARD PLACES

to get over. There were funerals to attend, marriages to perform, sick to visit, councils to attend, unruly members to disentangle, sinners to seek and teach,—many were the duties of the

pioneer preacher which were met at his expense. But you must remember there were fewer people then than now, hence fewer meetings were held, fewer sermons preached, so that much time was spent on the farm.

People who were married by him would insist on him taking money for his services. He always took it from the groom, but with a great, warm heart in him he could not keep it, for he knew that in many cases the young married couple needed money to begin life with, hence, when the time came to say good-bye to the newly-married pair, he kindly put the money into the hand of the bride, with a blessing. As long as he lived he kept up this custom. Surely God was with him to the end!

In White County, Indiana, he preached

HIS FIRST SERMON

in a saw-mill. He had six hearers. It is said that the noise of the waters almost hushed his voice. But he kept on preaching, and, in due time, he had the joy of seeing souls won to Jesus, and a church organized. There were eight sisters and two brethren.

Oyman and Patton became their pastors. They were fluent talkers, hence soon had a large

circle of friends and hearers. However, their brilliancy led them out beyond the spirit and genius of those with whom they had agreed to walk, and, instead of "peace," there was jarring and confusion. They set up a "new order" of things and called it "reformation," or old things made new or better. This ended in failure and the scattering of the flock. This grieved Uncle John very much, because he always used his voice for peace in Jesus and not for discord. His plea was always for union on sound words, even the words of Jesus, among families, among neighbors, in churches and among the people.

No man, dear youth, can be in Jesus, assume high, Gospel ground and hold forth a life of purity without becoming a "shining mark" for "the fiery darts of Satan—the object of slander, hatred, envy and every evil thought." Eld. Metzger had his full share of trials and

"PERILS AMONG FALSE BRETHREN."

He not only met the raging creeks and rivers, the cold wintry storms and summer heat, but the "gainsayers" who opposed themselves by false doctrines, and the ugly, envious spirits who were less loved than himself. You may expect

the same if you live up through manhood and womanhood.

The more you are loved by Jesus and the good men and women in this world, the more you will be hated by Satan and the mean, ugly, twisty, envious spirits who watch your every step to catch something that they might make you appear black. Such people will try to make straight appear crooked, and white, black. Trust God, as did Uncle John, and not a hair of your head shall be harmed.

One time Uncle John preached and many hearts were touched, and a man and his wife were turned unto the Lord. This aroused the anger of their brother-in-law, so he breathed out

HARD THREATS

against the man who would baptize them. After some consultation by the members of the church, it was agreed that Uncle John should immerse the penitent believers, hence all parties went to a stream of water near by,—the preacher and penitent believers and all lovers of Jesus, with joy and gladness in their hearts, and the angry brother-in-law, with boasting in his soul. At the waterside a hymn was sung, Scripture read, prayer offered just as if there was no wrath

near; then Uncle John took off his shoes and coat, in order to go into the water to baptize the man and his wife. The angry man also took off his coat, turned up his shirt sleeves as if he, too, would do some great work. Uncle John gave no heed to this kind of show, but took the man into the water and baptized him. The angry man stood on the shore and looked on, just like the other people.

Next the wife was immersed. The angry fellow still looked on. Uncle John came up out of the water, put on his shoes and coat. The angry man put on his coat too, and then every one went to his home; and the preacher was not disturbed either.

GOD TOOK CARE OF HIS SERVANT,

Uncle John Metzger!

A short time afterwards Uncle John had occasion to visit a neighbor, so he started on horseback, and his way led through a long, narrow lane with a high rail-fence on either side. As he entered the lane he saw a man on horseback come in at the other end, and, as they came toward each other, Uncle John saw that it was the man who had threatened to whip him at the baptismal scene. He made up his mind that

now, if the man was sincere, he would surely fall upon him and carry out the threat, but the preacher resolved to use kindness, as it usually wins, so, when the man came up, Uncle John said: "Good morning, sir. Are you well?" The man turned his horse into a fence corner and looked another way. "How is your family?" said the preacher, "are you all getting along nicely?" By this time the "fighter's" heart failed him, and he turned about and spoke a few kind words in reply; then rode on. The preacher was victorious through the power of God's grace and kindness. This is another infallible proof that love and goodness and kindness are stronger than wrath, and muscle, and evil works.

Once there were seven applicants for Christian fellowship. Among them was a woman whose husband was bitterly opposed to his wife becoming a disciple of Jesus. Uncle John went to see him and reasoned with him on the good way of the Lord.

THE MAN WOULD NOT YIELD

but became very angry, declaring that his wife should never be immersed. His wife, however, determined to do as her Savior did, and was baptized with the others. Shortly afterwards

her husband wrote Uncle John a very unkind letter and invited him to come to his house. Uncle John sent him a very kind letter in reply, and some days after went to visit him. He found the man sullen and very slow to speak; so he began by asking the man if he had received the letter. He replied that he had. Uncle John then began to talk to him, quoting the Scriptures and showing the great blessings in store for all who love the Lord Jesus and his appearing. Soon the anger of the man gave way and the beams of light began to shine through his smiles, and a heavenly calm filled his mind. In two weeks from that time the man was also baptized. One more witness of the power of loving-kindness over anger. Another victory for Jesus!

In the early history of the States of Indiana and Illinois, the members of the church lived far apart, therefore the appointments were not near each other. This caused

MUCH TRAVELING,

and when the creeks and rivers were running over their banks and filling the low lands with water, it required no small degree of courage to brave the dangers and do the work; but Uncle

John had strong faith in God, and would go to his fields of labor, though he had to swim the streams with his horse, or ride through deep water in the marshes.

When the railroads were built, matters did not improve much for him, for he lived twelve miles from the railroad station, and often would leave the depot at 8 P. M., and walk from ten to twelve miles in water and mud, sometimes wading streams up to his shoulders. That was enduring unto faithfulness, worthy the following of any one who loves the Lord above all else. In those days our brother was poor, and walking was his only means of getting about.

He preached many

SERMONS ON THE TIPPECANOE BATTLE-FIELD

where Gen. Wm. Henry Harrison defeated the Indians in 1812. Several years ago, when Benjamin Harrison was President of the United States, Uncle John went to see him, while in Washington. During the talk with the President, he told him that he had often preached on the Tippecanoe battle-ground where the President's grandfather had routed the red men. The President seemed pleased and said he was very glad that Uncle John had called to see him.

Of course just as Uncle John was busy about his Master's business, so Satan was busy in his devices and tricks to defeat the servant of the Lord.

Once, at the close of a warm and earnest sermon, a woman was very anxious to take up the call of the Lord and join the church; but her husband said she should not. Her troubled soul found

NO REST OUTSIDE OF JESUS,

so she heeded the Lord's call: "Come unto me all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." She went to church-meeting and was there immersed and put on Jesus, being received into fellowship with great gladness. On her return home her husband met her at the gate and bade her go on, saying, "You cannot stop here. Move on!" O what pain to hear a husband say: "You cannot come in here any more! Go on." But the patient wife heeded not his angry words, but, getting down from her horse, tied him and went into the house. Think of her sorrowful heart for her husband! She had freedom in Christ, but her soul was full of feeling for her companion. For two weeks the angry husband poured out abuse upon his wife, and all that time she bore it with great patience. Seeing

that he could not move her from her holy purpose, he halted, and, seeing the noble way of God, he also was converted. Like the penitent child, seeking relief, he found peace with his Father in heaven. What a lesson on patient endurance!

In 1849 Uncle John and his family took up their residence in Clinton County, Ind., and his sphere of work was greatly enlarged, having been ordained to the bishoprick in 1843. With these new duties, new trials and severities opened up to him, but with all these came new grace, and it "more abundantly."

One time, during the winter, he preached with his usual vigor and warmth, as many of our readers will remember his great earnestness. After services a kind brother and sister took him to their pleasant home and gave him

"A COLD BED"

to sleep in. No doubt the covers were neat, the bed arranged very nicely, and all things tidy, but everything was very cold. The preacher was very warm,—had labored until he perspired freely, so he could not get much comfort out of a cold, cold bed. God had done his part well, — had made trees grow that could be used to warm

houses, had given man power to make *brick* or cut out soap-stone and warm them and put them into cold beds, to chase the cold out; but those dear, kind, people did not likely think about this. Uncle John tried to sleep, but could not. He went to bed warm, but was not warm enough to heat up a cold bed. He got up, dressed himself, went out on the road and ran up and down on it in the snow, until he got himself warm again. Then he went back into the cold nest, but no sweet sleep came to him. There were no "downy pillows" and fine parlors for him that night.

Having a heart full of love for Christ and mankind, he could not narrow himself in any good thing or work, nor place his earthly affairs above those of his Master. He, therefore, made up his mind that when he would build a house to live in, he would also set aside a room in which people might gather and hear the good old story of Jesus. In those days there were no planing-mills, no shingle factories and other handy mills to make straight and smooth boards, so as to build neat houses quickly. Like his neighbors, Uncle John went into the woods, cut down trees, fitted the "logs," gathered them together and built him a house. It was 25 by 40 feet and had porches added. He had to go some distance

THROUGH SNOW AND COLD

for those 80 logs. When the logs were ready to be joined together he went more than 100 miles to Dayton, Ohio, for some needful hardware. On his way home the melted snows and much rain had made the creeks and rivers so deep that he could not cross them with his wagon, so he left his wagon on the way and went home on horseback, swimming the streams through floating ice and cold, chilly waters. Then, when the waters got low, he went back for his wagon. When the house was ready to live in, he set a time for preaching. The people came from far and near, and the room set apart for Jesus, and the porches, were filled with men, women and children, to hear the "good news" of heaven and happiness.

In a new country like that in which he lived there were

MANY INDIANS.

Often Uncle John traveled along Indian paths and came to the Indian villages, but, like Wm. Penn, he always acted kindly toward them, and then they were kind to him. If Indians, who knew not Jesus, could be great by being kind, how much greater should those in Christ be who know so much about the kindness of Jesus?

To be harsh and severe to each other is not of Christ.

Uncle John had five dear children. The youngest died when a babe. One, Barbara Shively, went "home" in 1895. John W., a minister of Jesus, and Mary Shively live in Lordsburg, Cal., Catherine Shively lives in Cerro gordo, Ill.

While living in Indiana, and when John W. and Mary were yet quite young, he and these two children were

BITTEN BY A MAD DOG.

Knowing that this might result in an awful death, he took them in a wagon through the thick woods, over one hundred miles to a doctor at Dayton, Ohio. O think of that father's and mother's feelings in all that time, as they rode through those lonely woods! Only Jesus in the soul, the hope of glory, could give comfort. Full of faith and trust they went on and on, and, after several days, reached the doctor's home, were treated successfully and then went back the same way. The good Lord helped them all out of this great danger, and Uncle John was more than ever in earnest, in preaching the glad tidings of a glorified Jesus for sinners.

In 1861 he left his home in Clinton County, Ind., and began a new one near Cerro gordo, Ill., to do his part in building up a new country. Here Jesus should also be preached. Uncle John was at hand for the good work with others.

The great and exciting political campaign was over, and the time was near at hand for

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

to go to Washington City to rule the nation. The tones of coming war could be heard in many places. About two weeks before the time for Mr. Lincoln to start to Washington, Uncle John and his son-in-law, Eld. Joseph Hendricks, were in Springfield, Ill. Some one said: "Let us go up to see Mr. Lincoln. He will soon leave home and we ought to visit him." At once they started for the Lincoln home. Knocking at a door a servant opened it and invited them in. Mr. Lincoln was upstairs and, on being told that two old men wanted to see him, he came down and warmly shook their hands and welcomed them. Seeing that they were dressed in "Quaker" fashion, he asked their profession and was told that they were members of the Brethren or "Dunker" church. "O, yes," said he, "I have some knowledge of the 'Dunkers.' Am quite glad to see you."

Uncle John said: "I have been on the farm you helped to make, and where you split rails when you were a young man." "Well," replied Mr. Lincoln, "I did not do very much farming. I drove the oxen and helped to clear ten acres the first year and made some rails, and the second year we cleared ten more acres and made rails. That is about all the farming I ever did. I went to studying law after that."

"Do you not," asked Uncle John, "think it very unsafe to go to Washington now?"

"Yes, I do," replied Lincoln, "but I shall go, and if I arrive safely I will do my whole duty to all the people. I shall know no North, no South, no East, no West, but one country and all the people."

As they were about to leave, Mr. Lincoln asked them with much warmth of feeling and tears in his eyes, that they should pray for him and the country. Uncle John answered: "We always pray for rulers that God might bless them and give all men good government."

Mr. Lincoln said that he wished God to bless them and him, for he knew he could do nothing well except God should be with him.

You must not forget, dear children, that at that time there was

GREAT TROUBLE.

The South and the North were about to go to war on account of slavery, because in the Southern States negroes were sold and bought just as men sell and buy cattle and horses now, and the Northern States were opposed to this, so the bad feeling led to hard words, and hard words to loss of love, and loss of love led to war, bloodshed and great ruin in many places. The people of the South thought Lincoln would set their slaves free, hence they went to war. He had no power then to do that and would not have done it, if they had not set up war. But after the war had gone on a few years he did set the slaves free. No doubt God so willed it to be, for God is supreme and rules the nations as he pleases.

And now, for a little while, let us hear Uncle John tell us of his labors and joys in the Lord, in his own way, from a letter before me.

“ On arriving in Illinois, I found

A LARGE FIELD

for doing good, since members of the church had begun to settle in various parts of the State and they called for preaching, and the faith and practice of the Brethren were little known. I

wanted to do all I could for Jesus and the church. Wife and I went in private conveyance from Cerrogordo, Ill., to Lafayette, Ind., frequently, and I preached in every town and schoolhouse between those places, and sometimes in warehouses.

“Before starting I sent word that I would be at certain places on certain dates and when we arrived the appointments had been made, and people came to hear the Word of God. I became well known all along the Wabash Railway. Once, in traveling along this line, I preached the funeral sermon of a Baptist lady, and afterwards her husband was by me received into the church. Sometimes we would be out three months on such a journey and then I was preaching almost every night.

“We went as far as Dayton, Ohio, with a team. At this place I saw McAfee hung, standing near him at the time. It was

AN AWFUL SIGHT.

O that man would always love his God, do good and not evil, then all would be happy. At another time, while stopping at Crawfordsville, Ind., a man was hung and twice the rope broke and let him fall to the ground before they suc-

ceeded in taking his life. These were fearful examples of reaping what was sown.

“ I heard Lorenzo Dow preach once in Dayton, and once in Liberty, Ohio. Lorenzo was a minister in the M. E. church and was called a great missionary in his way and day. He was the most singular man I ever saw. He wore long hair down over his shoulders, and parted it on the top of his head. Peggy, his wife, dressed plainly also, and wore a white cap on her head like the sisters now do in the Brethren church. Lorenzo Dow advised young people to ‘get religion’ or, rather, let Christ’s religion get them, saying that if they love God they will surely love each other, hence could always have a paradise at home. He said that about the first two things that some parents taught their children was to lie and to be deceitful. Perhaps the mother is going out to a party and her children want to go, too, and even cry to go along, but, as the children would be in the way of a fashionable party, she first scolds them to stay at home, but the children will not be quiet. Next she promises them candy or ‘pretties,’ and when mother comes back she brings neither candy nor ‘pretties,’ and now the children have lost confidence in mother and cry. Mother says:

'If you don't hush I will whip you,' but the children cry on and the mother no more whips than she brought 'pretties,' so a lie is added to the deception and the children think if mother can lie and deceive they can lie and deceive too. This soon makes a house of liars instead of a home of truth-tellers.

"For twenty years I put in much of my time

TRAVELING AND PREACHING.

seeking new fields to work in, visiting the poor souls in jails and other prisons and talking kindly to them. I remember a visit to the jail at Marysville, Mo., in 1894. Here I saw a boy only eleven years old. Poor boy! Somewhere and somehow he did a wrong and got on the road that leads to prison. Perhaps he had a bad father or a bad mother and so was not to blame for being bad himself. Likely that little boy was away from school or told a lie to begin with, or tried to deceive some one. Perhaps he could say, 'I never had anybody to tell me how to be good; I never was properly brought up; no one ever cared for me. I should like to be like good boys, but nobody ever showed me how.'

"At another place I saw a little boy in jail for saying he would kill his mother. Ah! this little boy laid

A POOR FOUNDATION.

However good you build the walls of a house, if you set the building on a sandy foundation the walls will soon crack, and then some one will say: 'There is a crack; the foundation is poor.' So, no matter if a boy or girl be given strong, healthful bodies, there will be broken places in their lives if the foundation,—moral, good, Divine principle,—is not sound and sure. Well may such poor souls, after living long in sin, when they come to die, say: 'Gather up my bad deeds and bury them.' But, dear children, as well might you try to tie the winds, or chain the waves of the deep, or make a wall against a sand-storm, as to gather together the bad influences of a life in ruin and misery. Only the love of Jesus can make all the crooked paths straight. Only the blood of Jesus can wash away the sin-stains.

"When I see these poor erring creatures in prisons and hear men and women try to make better people out of them, I do not think any one should complain on account of having taxes to pay.

"Two men charged with murder were put in jail. They sent word for me to call at the prison to see them. I went. We conversed long about Jesus and his power to save. They both listened,

and read the Bible. They soon learned that where they had been, Jesus was not; so the only thing for them to do was to go to Jesus. They therefore believed the Gospel, received it and I then baptized them. Both were afterwards cleared of the charge of murder by the law.

“Hearing that there were some members living

IN DOUGLASS COUNTY, ILLINOIS,

I got the name of one of them, wrote him a letter and informed him that I would visit them, and, if a door would be opened, I would preach to them. They answered that I should come to them, and I went. The first night the meeting was in a schoolhouse and the next evening in the Methodist church. I was a stranger, but word went out that a ‘Dunker’ was there, so people turned out through curiosity. One man said he had never before seen a ‘Dunker,’ so he had come to see what kind of a creature I was. He said to me afterwards: ‘I was born on the ocean, educated on the sea, and taught to be a Roman Catholic. I at last tired of the sea, and quit, and came to America. Your preaching was all new to me; but some things you said I never could get over.’ He finally came to Cerro Gordo and I baptized him. I also immersed into Christ five

other Catholics, one railroad man and his wife, and preached the funeral of a railroad conductor.

“ I also visited the State School at Terre Haute where 700 pupils were in attendance, and also many other institutions of learning.

“ Wherever I went I told the people I was ready to preach to them, and they soon found a place of worship. I found it much more successful to go out and hunt open doors than to sit down and wait until some one would call. Jesus says: ‘ Go, and preach the Gospel to every creature.’

“ Five times I visited and preached

IN PHILADELPHIA,

and learned to know old Brother Fox, who knew Alexander Mack. I spoke in the Germantown meetinghouse,—the first house built by our people in America. When standing by the grave of Bro. Mack I was deeply impressed with a sense of his work in this country and how he had toiled and labored for the Lord and his people. Then I went to the old elm-tree where William Penn made a treaty with the Indians, who never broke that agreement. It seems to me those were great seasons of good; for God blessed the peaceful efforts to the good of all,

“While in Baltimore, looking after some relatives, I met some of my relatives that I never knew before, and the pleasant associations were always remembered by me. The fourth time I visited Washington City, my wife was with me, and we went to the top of Washington Monument, in an elevator. It took twenty minutes to go up 666 feet and twenty to come down, and we had twenty minutes to stay on the top, and look out over the country, city and river.

“I have been

IN TWENTY DIFFERENT STATES,

and in all the principal cities between the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans and preached in nearly all of them.

“Some years ago my daughter, Mary, and I, were sent to Texas to spy out the land. Others had gone on before and reported well of the Panhandle country and some members had moved there. I could not see the bright prospects there for the future, as some others seemed to see, and I so reported.

“About twenty years ago I learned that there were some Brethren north of Paris, Ill., but I failed to get their names. Finally I got the name of a brother and wrote him I would be

there at a certain time, and if they wanted preaching I would do what I could. I went, and the first meeting was in the Methodist church, and as our Brethren had never before been heard there, the news spread quickly, and

LARGE NUMBERS OF PEOPLE

came together. An old man and his wife, who attended the first meetings, became so interested, they followed me about to all the other meetings. The people south of this place, on the Indianapolis and St. Louis Railway, heard that a 'Dunker' was preaching eight or ten miles north, so they sent me word to come to their place. I went and held meetings in the Methodist house at 3 P. M. The house and yard were filled with attentive hearers, and we had a good meeting.

"After services a man and woman came up and said: 'We want another meeting.' I left an appointment for Tuesday evening. When this meeting was over a man came to me and said: 'I was here when you came in last Sunday evening and saw you walk up the aisle and upon the platform. I thought I knew where you belonged, but after hearing you preach, I could not place you. This evening when you came in at the door I saw you again and I thought I knew

where you belonged; but after hearing you preach, I could not place you; now will you be kind enough to tell me what church you belong to?' I told him the Brethren or 'Dunkers,' as they are vulgarly called. 'Ah!' said he, 'I thought when I saw you dressed in a plain uniform you were a "Dunker," but when you preached

HEARTFELT AND EXPERIMENTAL RELIGION

I was puzzled; for I heard a "Dunker" preacher in Ohio, some years ago, and the way he put the matter I got the idea that the "Dunkers" do not believe in experimental religion.' I informed him that I knew of no church that believed more firmly in heartfelt religion; for we teach that Jesus must be in the heart, and the man must develop from within out.

"To ministers who love the Lord, permit me to say, Never fail to preach your first sermon in a new place on the *heartfelt religion of Jesus*, our Lord. So much depends on starting just right."

In going over a life so full of good deeds and a heart so Christed with love for Jesus and human kind, one can but exclaim: "Thank God that Uncle John lived and will live forever; for he passed through the world with gracious, grateful dignity and faithfulness. While replete with faith and joy there were

WAY-MARKS OF PAIN AND SORROW;
for

“Into each life some rain must fall,
Some days must be dark and dreary.”

“In the world ye shall have tribulation” is the message of heaven. To him the morning was “just over the hill,”—the eternal boundless life,—where he longed to go, and has gone.

In the midst of his religious and family duties in his new home in Illinois, his dwelling was burned to ashes and with this all his papers and records which would now be valuable in making up this brief sketch of a busy life. But

FIRE AND FLOOD

did not crush his great heart: he built again,—not alone for himself, nor yet wholly for his family, but for all who needed shelter the roof of his dwelling was like the roof of his heart, a shelter for poor and rich alike.

Having completed the building he set a day to go to Decatur, to purchase household goods. The day thus set apart having dawned, a call came to attend a funeral and comfort the bereaved and preach to the living. He went. That night, after returning from the services, some one broke into his house, carried out a chest, broke it open and stole all his money,

about \$200. Had he loved this present world more than he loved Jesus, he would have gone for furniture rather than to a funeral, and thus had the use of his money. But Christians must forsake all for Jesus and learn the worth of self-denial. The more the servant of the Lord works to hinder Satan getting hold of hearts, the more Satan will try to destroy that servant.

For some time he was the only ordained elder in that part of Southern Illinois, and

TRAVELED OVER LARGE AREAS

in search of isolated members and preached to them. He preached the first sermon in Champaign County, Illinois. While in Indiana he heard that there was a brother living near Urbana in that County, by the name of Geo. Dilling, so on his return trip made inquiry for him. One evening, about sundown, he stopped at a place to remain over night, and when, upon inquiry from his host, he learned that Bro. Dilling lived nearby, he was glad. After supper the man sent his hired hand with the preacher to find the home of brother Dilling; but the timber being abundant on the ground and the hired hand not being well informed as to the way through it, they did not reach the sought-for home until 9 o'clock at

night. Of course there were several glad now,—not only the missionary preacher, but brother and sister Dilling also. Arrangements were made for a meeting in a schoolhouse near by, a month from that time, and on his return he was greeted not only with a house full of hearers, but with almost a yardful, so eager were the people to hear the Gospel. In mingling with the people, he learned that everybody spoke highly of Bro. Dilling; so he thought it would pay to preach there, since Bro. Dilling had lived out his profession. Regular meetings were held thereafter, and soon there were additions to the church. The preaching was acceptable, and the labors of our subject continued to spread. The Baptist minister of the town of Champaign invited him to preach in the Baptist house, which he did.

During the late war Uncle John traveled a great deal and had many

CURIOUS EXPERIENCES.

One time he preached the funeral discourse of a drunkard at a place near Peru, Indiana, and while some were curious to hear what he would say of a drunken man, he simply preached Jesus to the living and said nothing about the dead man.

Afterwards he was called to Edgar County, Ill., to preach the funeral of a man who had been shot by soldiers. This man was in sympathy with the Southern cause and was very outspoken in his views. There were some Union soldiers at home on a furlough, and they told the man that he would be much better off if he were to quit talking against the United States and especially since he lived under the Union flag and enjoyed all the blessings of a free country. But he heeded not this advice but was bold to speak evil of his rulers, of which bad deed God does not approve. The talk of this man stirred up the old soldiers and the angry feelings ran so high that the soldiers shot eleven bullets through the Southern sympathizer.

Now, as there was a dead man on hand, a funeral must take place, hence the wife of the dead man sent for Uncle John to do the preaching.

Uncle John listened to the call.

THE EXCITEMENT RAN HIGH.

The people were eager to hear what Uncle John would say about the dead man. They thought as they were partisans, so he must be a partisan in the same sense. But Uncle John was a partisan of Jesus, and Jesus teaches his followers "to be

at peace with all men” and “do violence to no man.” Therefore Uncle John did not take sides with either party, but stood by the teachings of his Chief Captain. He simply preached to the living, not to the dead, pointing his hearers to the King of kings, and the Kingdom of joyous righteousness. The people were pleased with his discourse. He did not meddle with their differences.

After the services a preacher, who was pastor of another people, invited Uncle John to his home. While there, Uncle John gave him some reading matter, containing some of the leading principles of the Brethren church, and after reading it carefully, that preacher said, “*Well, it is all true.*”

He was also called to preach the funeral of Mr. Barnhart, a conductor of the Wabash Railway who was killed in a railway wreck at St. Charles Bridge, Mo. Uncle John was

QUITE A FAVORITE

among railroad men up to the time of his death, and quite a number have made inquiries as to his last days.

One time in his travels in Indiana, he was asked to preach in a hotel. He preached. Some

time afterward a drunken man, some distance from this hotel, died and his wife wanted a preacher to preach who did not know the kind of life lived by her companion. A gentleman told her he had heard a curious old man preach a good sermon in a hotel, so she sent for Uncle John. Again some wondered what he would say about a man who died by strong drink, but he told "the story of the Cross" to the living and left the dead alone, which was a great relief to the widow. Here is another lesson that can be learned by those who most need it.

In nearly every instance he

MET HIS OWN EXPENSES

in his long and successful preaching tours through Indiana and Illinois, and always paid his expenses to Annual Meeting. These self-sacrifices always brought to him their full measure of joy and peace. A husband that could go eighteen or twenty miles to meeting with his wife, on horseback, along Indian trails, each carrying a child, knew how to enjoy "the peace that passeth understanding," and build up members of Christ's body in fear and true holiness. But no one can have a cup of continuous joy. It will be dashed to the ground, and so it was with Uncle John. In

May, 1887, while Annual Meeting was in session, his companion, who so long shared his love and trials, went over into the new world, full of years and blessings,

DYING AS SHE LIVED,

faithful to her God and his Son, Jesus Christ. She was nearly eighty years of age.

As a pioneer missionary not many have done more in America. Sixty-one years going about seeking the poor and lonely, giving words of comfort to old and young, building up churches, caring for the weak and helping in every way to do good, must bring great joy in heaven to angels, and "spirits of just men made perfect." For some years his helper was Eld. Joseph Hendricks, a man of great love and power in the Gospel. He sleeps in Jesus now. During their first year of Gospel missionary work in Illinois, they received 120 persons into the church,—a number quite close to that of the prayer-meeting in Jerusalem,—Acts 1: 13-15.

In his efforts to find isolated members, he often traveled long distances and

OVERCAME MANY DIFFICULTIES.

He heard that there were "Dunkers" in Fulton County, Illinois, so he and his wife set out to find

them, but knew the name of no one. When they got across the Illinois River, they saw a cabin on the bank, and some women there. He went to them and asked them if they knew any "Dunkers" in that County. They smiled and said they did. One of them briefly told him which way to go, and, after driving twelve miles, they came to the house of Eld. John Fitz and met with great rejoicing.

Perhaps one of the most interesting and far-reaching incidents of his life occurred during the war of 1861-5. The first church member drafted in Illinois lived thirty-five miles from Cerro Gordo, and was well known by Uncle John.

Uncle John accompanied by another member of the church took \$300 and went to Jacksonville, Ill., to commute for

THE DRAFTED BROTHER.

They went to the Provost Marshal's office, and stating their mission to him, he said there was no such law that a man could pay \$300 and be exempt from military duty. Uncle John had a copy of the law with him and gave it to the Marshal to read. He read it with surprise, saying he never before knew such a law. They all three next went to see another man, and when the Mar-

shal told him of the case he, too, said there was no such law. The Marshal said he himself had thought so, but these "Dunkers" were better informed and had brought a copy of the law with them, and he had read it, and requested the man to read it also, which he did; and he, too, said he had not known of such a law. They now went to a lawyer and he, too, denied there being such a law, but the Marshal showed him the book with it in, and he was convinced. The next question was, who had authority to receive the money. They sent the two brethren to Springfield to see the man who could take the money and receipt for it. This man asked many questions, and as Uncle John had taken the precaution to carry with him copies of the Annual Meeting decisions, both in English and German, they were found to be invaluable aids in the solution of this problem. They were asked whether the drafted brother had so far been a consistent member, and had lived up to the rules of the church.

Fortunately for the drafted man on that occasion, he had lived consistently, and after the two had affirmed to this, the money was taken and the brother relieved of any further duty under that draft.

On arriving at home Uncle John told the mem-

bers of the church of the incidents of the trip, and that if they would be consistent members he would gladly share all he had to help them from going to war to shed blood. If they would live right, something could be done for them if they were drafted, and if they did not live right nothing could be done to keep them out of the army. This incident should impress every member with the high duty of living up to the profession of true principles on all questions and not to become entangled with the strifes and difficulties of mankind.

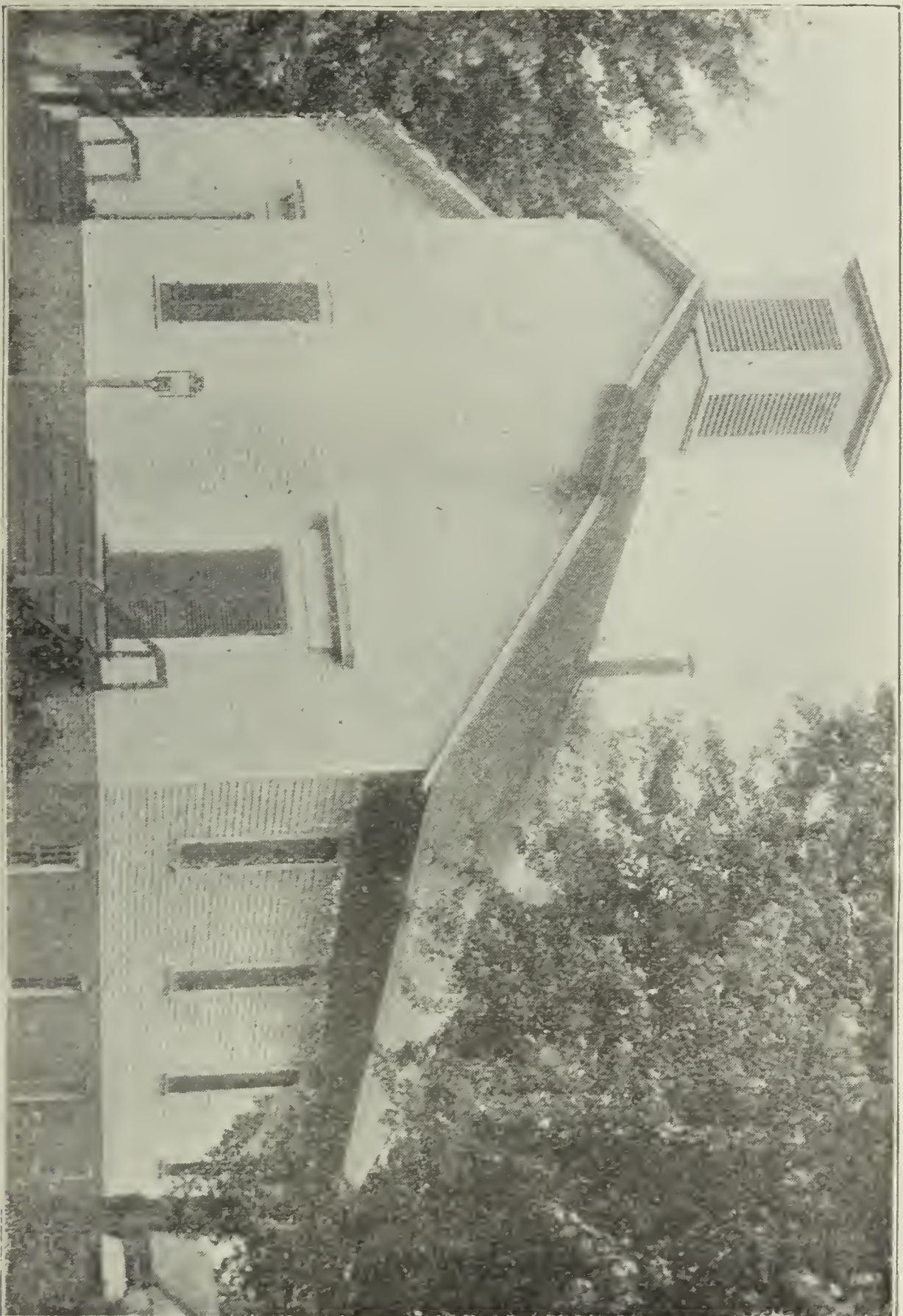
In the year 1878, Uncle John

BUILT A MEETINGHOUSE

at his own expense, in Cerro Gordo, Ill., and gave it to the Lord and his people. Luke 7: 4, 5. A nice picture of this house is shown on page 51.

Now in those days there were few Sunday schools among the people of his choice. While he was putting up the building the children who loved him so dearly, when meeting him on the street, would ask: "Uncle John, when the meetinghouse is built will you let us have Sunday school in it? We want to go to Sunday school. Won't you have one?"

This touched his warm heart, for he very great-



Meetinghouse Built by Uncle John Metzger at Cerro Gordo, Ill.

ly loved children. It made a deep and lasting impression on his mind, for often he talked to children in public and always noticed them wherever he met them.

When the house was finished he told the church she could have it, use it, enjoy it and praise the Lord in it, providing she would organize and conduct

A SUNDAY SCHOOL

for the help of the children, teaching them the truth of Jesus in all simplicity. To this the church agreed, and that was a happy day to Uncle John and the children, when a Sunday school was organized and the truth was taught to the young in a manner that they could understand it. Some of those who were then boys and girls are now men and women, and, no doubt, will read this with joy, remembering the happy hours in Uncle John's meetinghouse.

In 1881 there was a strong tide of feeling for

CITY MISSION WORK,

and he shared this feeling. Going to St. Louis and finding no place to hold services, he went to the Salvation Army hall. The leader of the meeting saw him and urged him to speak, and as the rules limited the speakers to five minutes, he did his best in that time.

The next day being Sunday he was invited to be present a 3 P. M. and preach; he could have all the time he wanted. In the forenoon he went out to the Park and seeing many people there, he began to preach to them. Next he went to the river bank where he spoke about twenty minutes to about five hundred people, and then invited them to the Hall where he preached, as per his appointment.

In the evening he again attended the Salvation Army services, and the leader requested that he should go out on the balcony and preach to the people, which he did. In this way and upon every occasion he declared the Gospel of Jesus as the power of God unto salvation to all them that believe. In a week there were four applicants for baptism, in a month four more; and at nearly every meeting some were added to the church. He spent much time

VISITING FROM HOUSE TO HOUSE

and talking to the people concerning Jesus.

These efforts resulted in the need of a church-house, hence contributions were asked for through the church papers, and the responses were numerous. At the Annual Meeting at Ashland, Ohio, in 1881, a collection was taken up for this pur-

pose and all the means given to Uncle John to erect a house of worship in St. Louis, Mo. He determined not to build until sufficient means came to hand, and in 1883 he began work. All the care and labor fell to him, and, perplexing as it was, he went through it successfully and kept an accurate account of all money received and paid out, which is yet carefully preserved.

An incident, in the building of said house of worship, occurred, which is worthy of record. When the building was almost finished, the workmen

DEMANDED A "TREAT,"

declaring that they would not finish it unless he would "treat." He insisted he could not give them strong drink, which they asked for, and they were equally determined not to go on with the work unless he did "treat." Now, when two men or two parties set themselves so firmly opposite to each other, they are not apt to get together unless one of them will yield. Uncle John could not and would not deal out beer or whiskey, but he was equal to the occasion. He could "treat," and so he carried to them a lot of fine watermelons. These did not make drunk, but they satisfied the wishes of the workmen, and the house was soon completed, honorably to all con-

cerned. All of the accounts and work were carefully gone over by a committee chosen by Annual Meeting and found to be correct and satisfactory.

Uncle John filled

A WIDE FIELD OF USEFULNESS

in his day. He was a member of the Standing Committee of Annual Conference sixteen times, and attended all the Annual Meetings, except a few, since 1848. He was chosen as a member of a Committee, to visit local churches, by twenty-three Annual Meetings, besides being a member of a Committee in a special case in Tennessee. He was Moderator of the District Meeting in Southern Illinois for many years, but, believing in putting others to work and especially encouraging the younger to greater activity, he then urged that others take the lead and give him relief.

Throughout the length and breadth of the Brotherhood, Uncle John was well known, and only known to be loved for his devotion to God and His cause, and his willingness to aid in the building up of truth and mercy.

Feb. 26, 1889, he was married to Permelia Wolf, of Adams County, Illinois. This marriage, as his first one was, proved to be a happy union;

for Aunt Permelia is a pure and noble-hearted woman, and knew how to make home sweet and beautiful for Uncle John and herself. She gave out sunshine and bright words to all around her, and helped her husband in all that was good and pure and noble.

“The bird that soars on highest wing
Builds on the ground her lowly nest;
And she that doth most sweetly sing
Sings in the shade when all things rest.”

They began making a home

IN LORDSBURG, CALIFORNIA,

in the autumn of 1890. The picture in the first part of this book shows only a part of his place. It was not long until it was noted for its sweet and ever brilliant flowers and shrubs and trees. It is one of the prettiest places in town, for Uncle John and Aunt Permelia knew how to hurry on the flowers and green grass. By this time Uncle John was getting quite old, and as he did not travel so much, he spent a good deal of time taking care of things on his place. He made a nice fountain in front of his house, and in this he put a number of gold-fish. He loved to see them swim and play in the clear water. He put a pile of stones in the pool for the fish to hide under.

In the spring of 1891 Uncle John planted

peach, plum and prune-trees. The peach-trees bore some fruit the same year. And when he planted orange-trees that same year,—1891,—some said he would not live to eat fruit from them. Well, he lived to eat oranges that grew on his trees in 1893, 1894, 1895, and in the spring of 1896 sold twenty-three boxes of oranges. His ground measures 75x130 feet, yet on that little patch he and his wife raised more fruit than some young men would from an acre. The sweet, fragrant flowers, the delicious fruits, the neat, all-the-year green grass, the clean walks, the climbing roses make one great, grand picture of two soul-cleansed souls in true happiness.

Uncle John was no learned man, but he was a knowing man, did not love ignorance, and always tried to look at the right side of education. True and useful knowledge had its charms for him.

When the Lordsburg College was started, in 1892, he and his wife sought and obtained permission to plant on the west or sunset side of the stately building a bed of pretty carnations. They set the plants so as to read, in large letters,

“GOD BLESS OUR SCHOOL.”

These plants grew and for several years were very beautiful. How fitting that they should

laden the sunset zephyrs with their fragrance, since that hand that planted them was then sinking low down in the horizon of life.

The meaning of words, the laws of language, principles of mathematics he could not impart inside the building to youthful brain, but here, outside, the loving hands of these two old people could leave a constant reminder of their respect for sanctified truth.

By the people who knew him in California, as well as those in the East, he was

GREATLY ESTEEMED

for his steady goodness. Always were his words listened to by sincere hearts with great respect. At the District Meeting of California and Arizona, in Glendora, Cal., March 29th, 1896, there took place a touching scene which will long last with those who were present. All day Uncle John was a good listener to the thoughts of those who spoke in advocacy of higher life, and he seemed to enjoy the services more than usually. But his little body was feeble. His eye, however, was not dim, nor his hearing weak, nor mind unsteady. At the close of the day, just before the members were about to separate and go to their homes, to renew the warfare against self and sin,

Uncle John was asked to talk to the large audience once more. The scene was impressive. This, likely, would be the last District Meeting for him on earth in the flesh. He arose with difficulty. Supported, as was Moses in his great struggle on the mount, he spoke in clear voice and with deep emotion of his love to God and the church. He counseled peace and love among his dear brethren, urged them on to faithfulness and endurance, while sobs and weepings seemed to fill every soul present. This was his last public talk, and, perhaps, the most feeling one ever made by him.

“To him sweet odors from that isle were blown,
And all the yearnings of his soul were there.”

Like the setting sun, with a mild light, shedding his parting rays over a lovely earth, that harmless, purified soul spoke a sweet farewell,—a hallowed “do well,” with

A BLESSING TO EVERY ONE

who loves Jesus.

“He sets as sets the morning star,
Which goes not down behind the darkened West,
Nor hides obscured amid the tempests of the sky,
But melts away into the light of heaven.”

While Uncle John lived in Illinois he was useful to members of the church in many ways. He usually made arrangements with railways for low rates to the yearly Conference. One of his esteemed friends was Mr. Kirtland H. Wade, who was, for many years, identified with the Wabash Railway. In 1889 Mr. Wade became General Manager of the Southern California Railway, with headquarters in Los Angeles. Uncle John made himself useful in many ways to Mr. Wade, and, up to the time he left California, did many kind acts for the Brethren in such lines as he could. It is significant that his old friend, Mr. Wade, should also leave this earth so soon after Uncle John. He died of apoplexy in Los Angeles, Cal., March 17, 1897.

Railway people, who knew Uncle John, greatly respected him. He made fourteen trips over the Rocky Mountains and across the desert to and from California. He was known as "Uncle John, —the good man from Lordsburg."

The last time he was at our home, he said to the writer: "I am ready to go into another world,—

READY TO GO HOME

to my Savior; but the love of my dear brethren and sisters is strong and I can hardly give them

up. O, I love the Brotherhood; I have had so many pleasant seasons with those I love. It seems like tearing away from them to go, but I cannot stay with them much longer, I must go!"

In May, 1896, he and his wife, son and wife, and his daughter Mary, left Lordsburg, California for Cerro Gordo, Illinois, his old home. Quite a number of dear friends went to the depot, to bid him farewell, knowing they should see his face no more, nor grasp his hand in friendship, nor hear his voice, nor sit with him in Divine worship.

The journey of two thousand miles over mountains and prairies, by flowing streams and lowing herds was made in all patience, though the body was very, very weak. He was met at his old home by many friends. They still loved and respected him. But the home of his soul was in the great beyond,—he sought a house not made with hands in the City of our living Lord.

Think of the many ten thousands who heard him with strong voice, with sound words, with pure heart and sincere mind, urging them to love Jesus and obey Him. In church work he united the two traits, the

TWO POWERS OF SUCCESS,

kindness and *firmness*. He was not a one-sided man. He loved all the time he said *no*, just as

well while he was saying *yes*. Patience possessed him.

But once in all our labors with Uncle John did we hear him complain. For doing his duty at a church meeting, a man possessed with demons got very angry at him and often tried to do him harm. On one occasion this bad man pulled him by his beard and tried to injure him, but the people took away the maniac. After being in California a few years, that same wicked fellow wrote he was coming to Lordsburg, Cal. Uncle John felt that if the man came he would again be attacked and abused. "I have labored long and hard for the church, and now I do not seem to be protected from this wicked man."

"Well," said I, "God helping me, I will try to shield you." I wrote the man a kind letter and stated that, since he had written me concerning railroad fare, route, etc., I thought he better not come; for if he came to California and would abuse Uncle John here as he did East, I could not guarantee that the young men would not do him bodily harm, for they loved Uncle John and would protect him. This kept the man with demons out of California, and Uncle John had continued rest.

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“Our hearts can know no resting,
Except in Thee;
Our barks the waves breasting
On life's rough sea;
Body, and soul, and spirit, are daily warm with care,
The covert of the wing is sought—the needed rest is there;
And though the toil cease only
When life is won;
In Thee our rest remaineth,
O Christ, the Son.—*Rev. 14: 13.*

But the end was at hand. The summons to go out of the clay house and be hid with Christ in God (Col. 3: 3), was here, and he could not disobey; therefore, in his old home in Cerro Gordo, Illinois, surrounded by his family, he fell asleep calmly, peacefully in Jesus, at 9: 30 A. M., May 25th, 1896, aged eighty-eight years, five months and five days.

“For all the saints who from their labor rest,
Who Thee by faith before the world confessed,
Thy name, O Jesus, be forever blessed.”



